POETRY.

LOVE'S VOYAGE.

[The Vignette on the presentation page of the "TOKEN," for 1829, embodies a beautiful thought, Love sailing round the world—his vessel, &c. composed of the usual appurtenances, of the "Boy God."

LAUNCH'D is the bark, the sail unfurl'd,
The helmsman at his post;
His ocean is the wide, wide world,
His compass has been lost:
And vain is now his utmost skill
To lower the swelling sail,
But on at random, wanders still
This plaything of the gale!

His lighted torch-mast, once a guide,
Now throws its beams around,
To show how useless was the pride
Which wreath cords around it bound;
His arrow holds its station still,
Unmov'd by each fond art;—
That pointed arrow, never will
From Love's gay trappings part.

Away, away, the vessel speeds,
Uncheck'd its devious course—
No threaten'd danger ever heeds,
While passion's breeze lends force;
In vain may Prudence, from afar,
With lifted hands exclaim!
Hope ever lights her beacon star,
And love pursues the flame!

Onward, still onward—where's the clime
Through which he has not been?
And who will dare predict the time,
When he may *next* be seen?
That bow wrought bark! Ah, who may tell
When last it flitted by?
Or guess what echoed its farewell,
The light laugh—or a *sigh*?

Love's Ocean is the wide, wide world,
Young hearts its waves composing;
His bark is launched—his sail unfurled,
And none shall see its closing;
When fair the breeze that wafts him on,
Each trace how sweet to mark!
But tempest tost—his vessel gone!
God speed the little Bark!

[FOR THE COURIER.]

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing Miss F. D*******n, in mourning.*

IN sable clad, one might expect
Your looks would fainter shine;
But angel like, wear what you will,
Your still appear divine:—

Thus oft dark gloomy clouds essay,
The glorious Sun to hide,
But thro' he darts a genial ray,
And shows his radiant pride.

MISCELLANY.

THE BRIEF CAREER.

By the Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula."

* * * * * Whilst I was standing in the Drawing-room already mentioned, there came in a grave and aged gentleman, who looked like a veteran of some note and rank. He seemed checked at the sight of a visitor, and a little disconcerted, that he should not enjoy his mental morsel in quiet. I observed this; and entering entirely into his feelings (for I love to visit pictures alone,) passed into the next apartment, to the great satisfaction of my guide, whose patience was well nigh exhausted. I suppose it was a sort of acknowledgment for this my courtesy, that, as I was afterwards resting myself upon a shady seat in the garden, the old gentleman touched his hat to me, and took a place on the same bench, though at the further end of it, and with averted head. Each occupied with his own reflections, we sat thus in social silence for many minutes; at last, I ventured to ask him what he thought of the two pictures of Ricci, in the apartment where I met and left him, and whether the singular impression made on my mind had been, in any degree, produced upon his own. I had unconsciously struck the very chord, to which the heart sadly and at once responded.—'Ah sir,' said he, 'I read, I felt, I thanked God for the lesson, which, though it was bitter in the learning, has taught me how to value such little helps in my daily paths, as his providence may place before me, and his grace enable me to improve. Sir, I gained a little step heavenward in that same chamber. I have lived much in camps—have shared in many victories—have marched through illuminated cities—have drunk full cups to the salutes of the artillery and the trumpet—have danced in ball-rooms decorated with laurel:—Fame was my chosen mistress, and she has paid me, after her fashion, well—with renown and rank: with decorations, and—with scars—she has dressed me up in honours, as though to mock me—for

There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart.—

Sir, I stand alone in a world, to me empty. A few years ago, indeed, I had something to care for, something to care for me. A noble youth, a gallant youth, whom I had adopted as a son: but"——here he paused, his voice not failing him, but he dared not trust it.

'God took him away, sir, I suppose.'

'Yes sir,' he rejoined, with recovered composure, and with a firm tone and a strong emphasis; 'God took him away young, quite young;—but I doubt not, as the book of wisdom has it, 'lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, and deceit beguile his soul.''

'Might I ask you more of this little history?'

'Yes sir. It is short and painful but you shall have it all—for it is soon told—

"I am an old officer—for forty years man and boy, I have been a soldier—I have no living relation—I have survived all my more intimate friends and associates. On my return from a command in the West-Indies, many years ago, finding myself for the time out of employ, I went down to reside for a winter at Bath, where I was told I should find my old officers, and a society well suited to a retired military man. However, whist and long stories never agreed with me. I found myself revoking every night: and the cells of my memory were getting clogged with twice-told tales; I therefore determined to take flight into the country. I looked all about that pleasant neighbourhood, and engaged a cheerful house, in a beautifully situated village called Freshford, about five miles from the city. I turned gardener, fisherman and sportman, in a small way. I read too, for the first time almost in my life—read old books; drank old wine; made a few country acquaintances, and formed a very happy intimacy with the parson of the parish: a thoroughly good man he was—a husband—a father,—such a head—such a heart—with a good, steady voice, but a tearful eye; *tearful when he was happy*—a true christian—a living epistle—cheerful as childhood, and mournful as pity. He had a large family—girls and boys—all ages—all sizes—all clever—all kind—all talking—all singing (and well they sung from the father downwards)—all healthy, laughing, happy and rich—in hope. Well, here I used to go in and out, when I liked and as I liked,—always something to cheer me. The eldest boy, Harry Ardent, was a youth about nineteen, and soon became my true and close ally. He was all animation, and life and cheerfulness. I learned more from him than I had ever learned before; for his very questions taught me to think more seriously than I had ever done, before I answered him. In him, in the very contemplation of him, I seemed to live over again my early youth; or rather, indeed, to live for the first time what I had missed of life. Moreover, I was unconsciously flattered by the boy. He so evidently respected the profession in which I had spent all my days, and so looked up to me for my services. He rode with me; he walked with me; he gardened with me; he fished with me, and always had the fullest basket; he shot with me, and had always the heaviest bag. Early and late, he was with me. My servants, all gave him smiles of daily welcome; my dogs, the quick and happy barkings of gladness: my old negro servant, Francis, used to say to me—"Massa never so happy before; I hope will last." I knew the man's ways (he had been converted under the Mission of the Moravians, in Jamaica; and though I valued old Francis highly, yet I then thought him a Methodist—poor Francis, he lived to convert his master: and he, too, is taken away.) I knew the man's ways, and never heeded his peculiar expression at the time; now I think of it often—soon indeed was I made to remember it.

"Harry often pressed me to obtain the consent of his father that he might enter the army, and to use my interest to procure a commission. It is not likely, however, that his father would have consented, having other views for the boy, had it not been for one of those accidents which do sometimes often decide our fate. I was sitting, one summer evening, on the lawn before the parsonage, surrounded by its happy inmates, and listening to a cheerful glee, when old Francis came to the gate, conducting a post express on a tired horse, and put a large official despatch into my hand. It contained a brief note, from the commander of our forces in Spain, saying that he wanted me to take charge of a division of his army, and had written home to apply for me. Under the same envelope was my appointment. This event being altogether unexpected, produced a great sensation in our little party. The women, mother and daughters were greatly interested; and (as is common with women) a little moved, at a separation so sudden, even from an old bachelor, like myself. The eyes of the younger boys fastened upon the express, with his horn and whip and red jacket, and every now and then wandered back to me, with a new wonder, as if it were a day and an incident never to be forgotten. The father was silent and tearful—Harry seized the opportunity, and pressed his wishes with an eagerness and a feeling delightful to witness, and that bore down all opposition. I promised to obtain him a Commission and take him with me. His father gave consent, smiling through his tears; and observed, that with me for his boy's guide and protector, the greater part of his objections to a profession so perilous seemed to vanish—that with me, Harry would be safe. As he uttered the word *safe*, something knocked at my heart's door with the presage of a mishap. I arose, and took a hurried and affectionate farewell of the whole circle. It was arranged, that Harry should follow me in a few days to town, and thence proceed with me to the Peninsula. I left the village on the morrow.

"It was on the tenth day from that of my departure, that the boat, containing his fond and anxious father, pushed off from the side of the frigate, in which myself and Harry were embarked. With straining eyes they watched each other, father and son, as our sails slowly filled with a very light wind; but it freshened, we bore away; the little boat every moment lessened to the eye—became a mere speck—was lost upon the horizon. We passed round the Isle of Wight, and sailed close under its beautiful cliffs; so close, I remember, as to distinguish a party of pleasure scrambling among the rocks, and to hear the laughter of the young. The sound fell heavily on my heart—I would not have taken away another youth, like Harry, from the midst of it, for a kingly crown—Oh! could ye taste the mirth ye mar, ye conquerors!

"Dear Harry was a noble youth—of high promise—full of courage, and elate with hope. The first evening of that sweet sadness which belongs to leaving home and country, past, his eye was fixed brightly, steadily on the future. He never more looked back—honor lay before him; shining as a rock in the ocean smiles, and glitters in the sun-light. A laurel and a medal, and return!—These were his day-dreams—a soldier's return, with some scar that was to spoil no feature, (for the boy was very handsome); or even, at times, he would number his castles in the air aloud to me, and went so far as to think the loss of his *left* arm would be a glory, and the loose sleeve not ungraceful! Well, Sir, we landed, and lost no time in proceeding up the Country, that we might join the army before some important operations commenced. Dear boy!—I see him now, on his young Andalusian charger, which bounded like a roebuck under him, riding as if he and his steed were one, like young Centaur—anticipating eagerly his first battle—singing out '*Viva elrey Fernando*,' to every muleteer or peasant that we met. I see him opposite me, under the rock or tree, where, during our short halts, we snatched our cold and pleasant repasts. I see him, with unbuttoned throat—his fine full head—and light hair waving and shining over his white forehead and blue Saxon eyes; and his look as cheerful as that innocent laughter which he loved—

I feel what I have lost
In him.—The bloom has vanished from my life—
The beautiful is vanished,—and returns not.

"It was on the eve of an expected battle, that we joined the army. As we approached the bivouac of the troops, I remember all his happy looks—his remarks and questionings. Now we met an empty mule train, now overtook and passed a ladened one—now, an escort of infantry:—brown, rough, dusty men, with old stained clothings—now an orderly dragoon, with netts of chopped straw, hanging clumsily and cumbrously from his saddle—presently, and it filled his young face with a new compassion, several creaking cars laden with wounded—next, and he was all eye and eagerness, an escort of French prisoners, with a proud, mournful officer among them, to whom he took of his hat with such a bow as he put his heart into—lastly, I well remember, very near the line, riding slowly to their reserve station in the rear of it, we met some squadrons of Hussars, who had been in front all the morning, skirmishing with the enemy's advance guard. Nothing more surprised Harry than the manner and tone of their commander, an old friend of mine:—"They are coming on—they are very strong—they will certainly attack us to-morrow—the Lord is going to wait for them." This intelligence he gave with a slow utterance, and with a phlegmatic look, as if he was announcing the arrivul of a broad-wheeled waggon. It a little puzzled poor Harry, with all his ardour, to hear a leader of cavalry who had been fighting all that day, and might fall on the next, speak and look thus; and relate his exploits with, simply, 'We cut some of the rascals up. They shewed a good front; but they have not got the horses;" and to hear him, when asked of his loss, say, 'about forty horses, a couple of officers, and a few men;" and then bridling up his mare, and replacing his pipe between his teeth, jog on, yielding in the sway of his tired body to her jaded motion. I saw in Harry's eye much of wonder, and something of disappointment. With him, war belonged to the poetry of life—with the veteran, from whom we had just parted, it had long since passed into the common, the customary, and perhaps the wearisome.

"Sir this is it; life is full of *the common*—made up of it; all life—the life of soldiers, as of others. To be sure, service has its pleasures and its glories: there are moments of high excitement—moments of soft and glad romance; but all this is only for the young—they carry life's colouring glass in their own bright eyes. I had determined, not without sorrow for the short but necessary separation, that Harry should fight his first battle in the ranks of his own regiment. I knew this was right, and would be every way advantageous to him. Though it was a little disappointment to the boy, that he should not be mounted in action, and still more that he should not be with me, yet well he knew that it would secure him the respect of his brother officers, and that, having once carried the colours of his regiment, he would be suffered without envy afterwards to enjoy all the advantages of his early, but irregular, appointment to the staff. His corps was in my own division. After reporting myself, in person, at head-quarters, and receiving over my command, and the reports from the general officer whom I found in charge of it, I took Harry to the lines of the gallant old regiment of which he was attached, and introduced him to the Colonel—an old, hard-featured regimental veteran, limping on one leg, and hating with a stern hatred all fine favoured youths on the staff. In spite of my presence, and the yet better recommendation which the gallant boy carried in his own face, his Commandant gave him a most ungracious reception—one so cold that it fell like ice on his warm heart. No sooner, however, had I mentioned his wish to fall in with his regiment on the morrow, and do his duty in the ranks, than the veteran's face changed in a moment. It did not rest one second, as it altered, in mere complacency; but rushed at once into glow and cordiality. He shook the hand of Harry, with a gripe strong as iron.—'It's thirty years ago, young man, since I carried that very colour into action myself—pointing to a black and tattered banner, that leaned, crossed against its fellow, near a pile of drums in the centre of his line—'and please God you shall take it in and the old corps shall bring it out again *flying* to-morrow!' 'He shall come and sleep near it to-night,' said I, Colonel; and I then took him back to eat his (last) supper with me. We were much interrupted by staff officers, commanders of corps, and others, who came to present them, selves at my tree—for the long line was but one ready and naked array—not a house—not a hut—not one solitary tent.

"At last, as it grew late, we were left together, in the clear darkness of a summer night. Our position was on a range of low, swelling hills—sufficiently elevated to command the plain below; but presenting no rugged or formidable obstacles to the advance of troops, whether horse or foot, save that most deadly one—a clear inclined space, or natural glacis—for the play of all our fire. Silence without a hum, brooded over our sleeping battalions; while, from the plain beneath, might be distinctly heard all those sounds which belong to the arrival, in succession, of numerous forces—the close gathering, the nigh approach, and all the stir and menace of preparation. You might catch the rumble of wheels,—the crack of whips—the rattle of harness—the iron clanking of steel scabbards—the chance fall of a pile of arms, the fixed bayonets of which rung upon the stillness—the frequent neigh—and the occasional, but seldom, voice; loud, as if laden with a curse.

"'If I fall, sir,' said Harry, 'tell them all at home, that it is right, and for the best—tell them, that I am to the last thankful that my heart's choice was given me—and say to my father, that I have never for a day forgotten his parting prayer. I love this world, and many things in it, well; too well—but I love' ——— I checked his pious coming reflection, with 'Harry, you shall live long, and love well; and be an honour to your family, and to your country.' I was unusually cheerful: old, and proud associations crowded on my mind—awakened, I suppose, by the sounds from the enemy's position. I anticipated a victory—a day of new and proud happiness for the boy himself; and with a firm, fond grasp of his hand, I dismissed him early to his post.

"The night wore fast away—day broke in full brightness on the scene, scattering aside the white mists beneath us, and displaying to view the strong and heavy host of the enemy, formed in columns of attack. Deep they were, and dark: the bayonets bristled thick above them, glittering and glancing, as if animate and athirst for blood—masses of cavalry were formed on either flank of this army—in the intervale and along the front of their ground, black batteries of field artillery were stationed, ready to cover the advance. It was a sight of glory!—Such glory as belongs to the outward aspect of war. In riding along the front of my first line, I passed the centre of the regiment where Harry stood at his post, the King's colour in his hand. I marked the admiration and enthusiasm with which he was looking down upon the array of the enemy; and, as he saw and exchanged glances with me, the expression of his countenance, for one second, altered.—I was the only being on that wide and crowded plain, who, from knowledge of all that he was in himself, of all he loved, and had left behind, could sympathize with his young warm heart, as now it sent its shade of throbbing and fluttering anxieties across his changing cheek, and give a slight quiver to his lip, a momentary sadness to his eye. The colour which he held, flapped its heavy fold upon his face; reproachfully, as he seemed to feel it, for a glow, as of crimson, overspread his fine countenance—subsided, and Harry was himself again.

The position of our army was extensive—but my division holding the very key of it, was compactly and closly formed; the half in reserve. The enemy, instead of commencing their attack as we expected, piled their arms; and, without taking off their accoutrements, sat down on the grass quietly to their breakfasts. We followed their example, took our biscuit from our haversacs; our soldiers cracked it with ill-humour, cursed the Frenchmen for their delay, and watched them with eager and brave looks. Thus we lay idly on our arms for many hours; at last, a little before mid-day, we observed their staff officers gallopping from point to point—the infantry stood to their arms—their cavalry mounted—and, just as our watches told twelve, a salvo from twenty pieces of artillery announced their attack. Their columns pressed rapidly forward the charge step, and bore heavily and obstinately upon my division. They were received and repulsed with vollies, and the bayonet!—but ere the very smoke of the vollies could blow away, they were rallying and re-advancing. There was a long, sharp, and severe contest of musquetry, with frequent intermingled charges; and the roar of artillery was heard right and left of us. The battle became general and raged with fury—the war-cloud hung thick and heavy over us all. It was close, hard fighting. Nothing to be seen amid the smoke, but an occasional gleam of arms—the waving of plumes—the dark frowning shadows of forms and faces: nothing to be heard distinctly—but, one sound of many sounds—terribly sublime—deafening!—as though gongs, and tolling bells, and brazen alarums, were making up a fearful music, lest the voice of mercy might be heard, or pity plead for pause in those shrieks and cries that the lacerated die with. Memory thus paints it to the *after-thought*. In the midst of such a scene, man is all vigilance and effort—-animated and proud; strenuous and stern—man is, by nature, a fighting animal,—loving to destroy, he

Pants for the dreadful privilege to kill.

We conquered—we drove them down before us—with loud cheers we drove them—dismayed, broken, thoroughly routed; leaving the hill slope covered with their slain and wounded—they fled. I brought the reserve brigades rapidly past the exhausted and skeleton regiments, which had borne the brunt of the attack, and completed their defeat. The Commander-in-Chief had been a close observer of my division—he rode up and shook me heartily by the hand, loudly thanking me, and praising my brave troops. He accompanied me; directing, from my division, the movements of the pursuing army. About a league in advance, he halted my brigades for the day. An eagle, thirty pieces of artillery, and two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this hard-fought battle, on our part of the field. Elated and happy, I rode back: Harry entered my head—and I only bethought me what a glorious day it was for the boy to begin with. I could not think of him, but as a living being—an escaped young hero—the partaker of my honours and my joy. My blood was warm, my spirits were excited; I did not feel the desolation of the field, over which I galloped on my return; my eye did not suffer itself to rest on the objects of misery then—moreover, in that part of the field, they were almost all enemies; and, as I knew that the loss of my first line had been grievously heavy, I was glad that it had been so well avenged—again, I was going to perform, by their wounded, all the duties of humanity, in common with those of my own force; and I merely glanced on them, as they lay spread before me, as true evidences of the severity of the struggle, and the glory of our hard-earned laurels.

"The first figure I descried upon the ground where we had fought—readily, of course, distinguishable, was my old black servant, Francis, holding young Harry's Andalusian horse. If any thing like a fear had crossed my mind, this sight chased it away—in another moment I should see him, and have him again riding by my side. In hot and happy haste I spurred to the spot, and only checked my horse in time to prevent his trampling upon the bare bosom of the lifeless Harry. There he lay; naked, pale, his bright hair dabbled in blood,—the staff of a colour lay broken by his side. It was marked with a strong and bloody grasp; Harry's hands were bloody!

"This shock was deadly. The young prop, round which the tendrils of my old heart had closely and fondly gathered, was wrenched away; and they fell, torn and dying, upon the cold dusty earth. The fabric of all my earthly hopes of happiness, lay a ruin at my feet. My gourd, in one moment blasted—my full cistern broken—I became chill as death. The nothingness of glory, the emptiness of the world—had come upon me as stern realities; and fell on my troubled mind, like sudden and thick darkness. I heard whisperings in my ear—horrid they were;—'huzza! huzza! huzza!' the fearful burthen of them. Methought it was a demon's voice—surely it was his—his—the arch enemy of man—the voice of him, who stood with malignant smile, amid those dreadful faces and fiery arms, that frowned from the gate; of paradise, when our first parents were led forth from it by the chastening angel. War is satan's master-piece! then I felt it so. The breathless bodies and the ghastly features all about—silently said, 'look also upon us!' The murmur and moan, the cries and groans, all then spoke home to me; and I felt as though I were guilty of their blood. In these sad, these sickly, but salutary thoughts, I had no leisure then to indulge: for I was roused by the arrival of an aide-de-camp, informing me that the enemy had taken up a position, from which it was determined to drive them that evening, and desiring me to move up with every effective man I could muster. I formed the skeletons of the brave regiments, whose comrades lay slain and wounded around—they fell into their ranks, with mouths and lips all blackened from the biting of their cartridges, and their very smiles were fearful to behold. Thus was I hurried on, and away from my very grief. The same evening we had a brilliant and successful affair with the enemy; and I myself received a wound which disabled me for the rest of the campaign. I bless the hand which gave it. It was the first leisure of my life, in which God wrought truly and effectually the work of mercy on my heart—his humble instrument, my negro, Francis. I carry but one book now—it was Harry's. I did not know, till Francis told me, how much and how constantly the boy read it. This pocket bible stained as you see with blood, was his—was found upon the field—where it had been thrown aside, by the ruffian who rifled his body."

He drew the little volume from his pocket and shewed me the name—"Harry Ardent, the gift of his mother, on his twelfth birth-day." There was a verse on the blank leaf, from the book of Proverbs: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." It was marked all through with crosses, and notes of admiration, as if it had been read, again and again, with meditation and prayer.

'You see, sir,' said the veteran, 'I have gotten the right medicine. I feel myself a weaned child—and the hope of that glory, which is rest, purity, and a sinless existence forever, has dried up my tears; but yet, at times, if I meet parents mourning for a youthful son, or see a fair girl, with lips, whose pensiveness seemed fixed forever: 'did you too give son or lover to some old man's protection and send him to the wars?' I whisper to myself; and yet it was not me—'you cannot say I did it;' but, however, I am getting the better of such infirmity. The truth is, sir, for a long time, I was not quite myself on this matter."

I was interested by the tale, and hoped to mingle hearts with this stranger for the day; but, just as I was about to propose our passing it together, a dismounted guard of hussars came clanking round the corner of the palace, with a measured and martial tread, and the old gentleman starting up, thrust his bible into his pocket, and gave me a silent, but expressive farewell, hurried away alone, with his sorrow and his consolation.

INTERESTING FACTS.—Europe now contains 227 millions of inhabitants, and there appears in that quarter of the world, 2142 journals of every description; that is, one journal for 160,000 inhabitants. America has thirty nine millions of inhabitants, with 778 newspapers and periodical journals; that is, one for every 40,000 inhabitants.

Asia, with 390 millions of inhabitants, has but one journal for every 5 millions.

Since the end of the last European war, in the year 1815, the number of inhabitants of Europe, has increased 29 millions.

The annual value of wines cultivated in France, is estimated at 540 millions of francs.

The following is an authentic account of the force of the naval powers in the Levant: England has there, 25 vessels of war, with 815 guns; France, 27 vessels, with 808 guns; Russia, 16 vessels, with 600 guns; Austria, 20 vessels, with 310 guns; the Netherlands, 5 vessels, with 106 guns; the United States, 5 vessels, with 208 guns. Total, 98 vessels, with 2,850 guns; besides which, a fleet from Sweden, and another from Naples, is expected.

A Frenchman has invented a new mode of preserving grain of all descriptions, by means of subterranean granaries at a low temperature, closed hermetically. He has also exhibited the model of a cellar with a double current of air, to keep wine; both inventions are expected to succeed.

A correspondent of the Cincinnatti Gazette, relates, that a young man who was in torture from having thrust his hands twice into a bed of coals, experienced immediate relief from plunging them into a pot of TAR. His hands healed free from scars. There is a famous burn salve made in Philadelphia which heals without leaving a scar, one ingredient of which is believed to be tar.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing.—"I must have swallowed it," said he. "Never mind," said Jack Bannister, coolly,—"*if you have*, it will serve to *open your chest!*"

It is healthy to laugh; it is also a human prerogative. Yet often so much folly is blended with the ridiculous, that the sensation is not always agreeable. Whenever one is not inclined to laugh at any absurdity, where politeness requires a laugh, it is well to recall something really comical, and laugh at that.

Keep a thing seven years, and you will find a use for it.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath was unpleasant: she said aye; and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said no; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer; at last he called the fox and asked him; "Truly" said the fox, "I have caught cold and cannot tell."

NEW GOODS.

WILLIAM DOBIE,

Grateful to the public, for past favors, begs leave to intimate to the inhabitants of Saint John, and its vicinity, that he is now landing from the ship Forth, a large and elegant assortment of

Fashionable Goods,

of the very first quality and pattern; which he is determined to sell at very reasonable prices:—*comprising*—

PRINTED Cottons, Bombazettes, of all qualities and colors, from 6d, to 1s. 4d. per yard.
Coatings, Frieze's and Ladies' superior Cloths
Pelisse Cloths, from 4s. 6d. to 9s., Flannels,
Rose Blankets, Superfine CARPETING,
Bombazines, Norwich Crapes, Silk Velvets,
Ladies superior Saple Muffs and Tippets,
Trimming and Flouncing FURS,
Childrens FUR TURBANDS,
Youths' and Gentlemen's lustre foraging Caps,
Fine Irish Linens, Long Lawn, French Cambrics, Linen Diaper, and Linen Sheetings,
Shirting Cotton, and Cotton Sheetings,
Book, Jaconet, Mull and Medium Muslins,
Scarlet Plush, Tartans, Camblets,
Drab and black Beaver BONNETS,
Gros de Naple Silks, Sarsnets,
Black Silk Trimming Braid, elegant lace Veils,
Women's and Children's Morrocco & Seal-skin Shoes, superior dress Shoes, Ladies Boots,
Frizettes, of the most approved Curl,
Gentlemen's Hats and Gloves, Ribbons,
Black Crape, and every article for family mourning, at the lowest possible prices, and an extensive assortment of GOODS too tedious to mention

☞W. D. invites the public to inspect his Stock, as he has no doubt of its giving every satisfaction. 1st November, 1828.

NEW GOODS.

LOWE & GROOCOCK,

Have just received per SPRAY, from Liverpool, the undermentioned articles, which they offer for Cash, on the lowest terms, at their well known CHEAP SHOP, North side of the Market Square:—

25 CASES HABERDASHERY;
Ladies' Sable, Squirrel, Hempster, & other MUFFS and TIPPETS;
Men's and Boys Seal Skin CAPS;
Gentlemens' Sable and Fox Ditto;
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Black Kid, Beaver, Silk, Woodstock, and other GLOVES;
Bonnet, Cap, and Waist Ribbons, of the newest and most fashionable patterns;
Ladies' coloured and White STAYS;
⅞ 4-4, and 5-4 BOBINETS;
Urling's Lace; Blond Ditto:
Coloured and Black Gros de Naples;
Ladies' Fancy SILK HANDKERCHIEFS;
16 inch and 4-4 BLACK CRAPE;
WELSH FLANNELS; Linen CAMBRIC;
☞With many other New and Fashionable GOODS—too numerous to mention.

—ALSO, ON HAND—

Superfine, black, blue, olive and mix'd Broad CLOTHS
Drab, blue, and Olive Forest Ditto;
Drab, Black, and Blue CASSIMERES;
Drab and Blue KERSEYS;
Black, Blue, Crimson, and Waterloo, olive, brown, puce, myrtle, and cytron HABIT CLOTHS;
White and unbleached COTTONS—all widths and qualities; PRINTED Ditto; LINING Ditto;
White and Red FLANNELS; Twilled Do.;
Green Baize; Ladies' Black and Slate Worsted HOSE
Ditto BLACK SILK Ditto;
Gentlemen's White and Coloured Lambs Wool ditto;
Ditto coloured Lambs Wool SOCKS;
Children's ditto do. do.;
Ladies and Gentlemen's BLACK KID GLOVES;
Ditto do. mill'd Lambs Wool, White, Scarlet, and cold' Worsted CRAVATS;
Gentlemens' Buckskin and Woodstock GLOVES;
Dando's Superfine Stuff HATS; do. do. SILK do.;
Scotch Plaids; Blue and Brown CAMBLETS;
IRISH LINENS—of the best bleach and fabric;
Coloured and Black NORWICH CRAPES;
Do. do. BOMBAZINES; 4-4 and 6 inch Italian Crape
Do. Ploughman's GAUZE;
Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS—of the newest fashion;
Black, White, and coloured Lutestring and Sattin do.;
A large assortment of coloured SILKS;
Black and Drab BEAVER BONNETTS;
Black Imitation LEGHORN Ditto;
Black and Drab FEATHERS; STATIONARY;
Britannia, Metal, Tea, and Coffee POTS; KNIVES;
SCISSORS, RAZORS, CORK SCREWS, &c &c.

ALSO:—

80 Dozen LONDON BROWN STOUT;
10 Crates well assorted EARTHENWARE;
A few Sets elegant CHINA;
50 Kegs NAILS, from 4d. to 20d.;
With many other articles too numerous to mention.

LIKEWISE:

128 Elegant London made Double and Single GUNS, with apparatus complete;
50 Pair Percussion and Flint PISTOLS.

Received per James & Henry Cummings—
A few Bales blue, olive, and drab 6-4 FLUSHINGS
Blue Pilot Cloths, and Drab Waterproof Forest do.

St. John, N. B. November 29, 1828.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Is now opening part of his Fall Supply of

British Merchandise,

at his Store, in the Market-square, viz:

BOMBAZETS and BOMBAZINES; Stained Muslins, Chintz, and Second Mourning CALICOES; 500 Pieces Fine JACONET; 200 ditto Book ditto.; 25 ditto Fine Dimity; 100 Pieces first quality Irish Linens; 15 ditto Fine Blue and Black Broad Cloths; 10 ditto assorted Colours; 10 Dozen Fine Stays, assorted; 500 Ditto assorted Verona Handkerchiefs; 25 Pieces assorted Homespuns; 2 Bales Red and White Flannel; a very extensive assortment of Thread and Bobbinet Laces; 3 Bales assorted Candle Wick; 200 dozen Ladies' and Gent's. Black Worsted Stockings of a superior quality.

And is hourly expecting the remainder of his FALL SUPPLY, which he offers at reduced prices for prompt payment.

Oct. 11. EDWARD DOUGHERTY.

JAMES KIRK,

Has just imported per Ship James & Henry Cumming from Liverpool, and Forth, from Greenock, and now opening at his Store, corner of Prince William and Church-streets:

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

British Merchandise,

Suitable for the Season; and which he will Sell Cheap for Cash or Country Produce.

—ALSO—

A complete Suit of Materials for a Brig of about 250 Tons, and a few small Chain Cables.

St. John, N. B. November 1, 1828.

J. B. GALLIE,

Prince William-street opposite Mr. JOHN M'MILLIAN'S:—

Has received per the James and Henry Cummings

PELISSE and Queen's Cloths; mixture Nap Cloaking and Coating; blue and olive Flushings; blue, black and olive Nap Cloths; blue, black and olive second Cloths.

ALSO,

A variety of other British Manufactured Goods suitable for the season, for sale very low for cash or approved credit. Oct. 25th, 1828.

M'KENZIE & TISDALE,

Have received per Brigs Ceres and Woodman, from Liverpool, their SPRING SUPPLY *of*

BRITISH MERCHANDIZE,

—comprising—

3 TONS Cordage, from 6 thread to 5 inches; Hawsers from 4 to 5½ ins.; Bolt Rope;
90 bolts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5, half bleached Canvas;
10 tons assorted Iron; 1 ton Swedes do.;
18 crates Earthenware, suitable for retailing;
1 ton Paints—white, red and yellow;
casks boiled and unboiled Linseed Oil;
30 jars boiled ditto, 2 and 3 gallons each;
2 cases gentlemens' fine and common Hats;
1 ditto boys' common ditto;
1 bale shoe Thread; 1 ditto Mattrasses;
18 kegs Nails, from 6-penny to 20-penny;
20 ditto Spikes, from 4 to 9 inches;
3 ditto sheathing Nails;
2 ditto copper Spikes and sheathing Nails;
10 cwt. Shot, from No. BB to 8;
1 ton iron Pots, from 2 quarts to 16 gallons;
5 dozen Camp Ovens, from 10 to 14 inches, and extra covers;
10 ditto Griffin's Scythes; 12 ditto Sickles;
Miner' and other Shovels; Spades;
Cutlery, and a large assortment of Hardware.

—ALSO, IN STORE—

80 bbls. superfine Flour, 30 half bbls. ditto,
40 ditto Rye ditto, 50 half ditto ditto,
40 ditto Corn Meal, bbls. Tar and Pitch,
14 ditto best green Coffee, 15 boxes Soap;
With their usual supply of Dry Goods & Groceries

☞*All of which they offer for sale cheap for cash or approved credit, at their store, No. 1 south Market Wharf.* July 5, 1828.

ON CONSIGNMENT.

The Subscriber has received per the Forth from Greenock, James & Henry Cumming and barque Ann from Liverpool—a quantity of GOODS, among which are the following articles:—

100 BOXES best brown Soap, containing 36 to 60 lbs. in a box,
Bales of Wrapping Paper,
Cases Superfine Laid Foolscap,
Cases of Post Paper, Yellow wove,
Cases Gilt Edged and Plain, Quills,
Superfine Double Large Cards,
Cambooses for vessels of 120 to 300 tons,
Buntings, Ensigns, Union Jacks, Compasses,
Bales of 2 and 3 thread Herring Twine,
Bales of Russia Duck,
Bales of Osnaburgs, Lamp Black, Whiting,
Bales of Woollens, Brown & White Cottons.

All of which will be sold on reasonable terms

Nov. 8. JOHN ROBERTSON.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has on sale at his Auction Room at very low prices:—

SUPERFINE and second quality BROAD CLOTHS, do. CASSIMERES, and Ladies Pelisse Cloths, bales Bleached and Brown Canvass, Fishing Lines and Twines of all kinds.

ALSO,

Pipes and half pipes Hollands Gin, ditto best Cognac Brandy, and O. L. P. Madeira, Casks London Brown Stout, London Mould and Dipt Candles, Boxes best Poland Starch, bags Pepper, kegs Mustard, boxes Raisins, &c.

JOHN V. THURGAR.

8th Nov. 1828

New Establishment.

Wood and Coal Yard,

YORK POINT.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that for the accommodation of such as cannot lay in large Stocks of FUEL, he has established a WOOD and COAL YARD, at his House, York Point, where he offers to sell at as moderate a price as can be purchased in the City, Wood in quantities as small as Sixpence worth, if required, Coal by the half or whole Bushel; and Potatoes and Turnips on the same economical and cheap scale.

—ALSO—

GROCERIES of every description, at the very lowest City prices.

Cognac Brandy, Geneva, Rum, Wines, and Cordials of every description, the whole of which he warrants genuine and cheap.

JOHN B. SMITH, York Point.

Saint John, January 10, 1829.

Hats and Slops.

Just received, on Consignment:—

A FEW Bales winter SLOPS; and One Cask Mens' HATS.

CROOKSHANK & WALKER.

December 20, 1828

JUST RECEIVED,

FIRKINS first quality BUTTER,
Bbls. Prime Mackerel and Herrings,
Ditto Lamp Oil, Dry Fish,
Pearl Ash and Cotton Warp,

For Sale by H. BLAKSLEE.

St. John, January 3, 1829.

TEA,—FOR SALE.

70 CHESTS CONGO,
10 Chests TWANKEY.

Bought at the last Halifax Tea sale, and just received by the schooner *Lady Strange*, will be sold at a moderate advance by

WILLIAM BOWMAN.

4th Oct. 1828.

VINEGAR HILL.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Vinegar Hill opposite Mr. VARLEY's brick kiln, VINEGAR at 1s. 6d. per gallon in any quantity, of the best quality—it having been made from the best Cider and Ale.—A liberal reduction made to Retailers. EDWARD LAKE.

Sept. 20th, 1827

FLOUR, MEAL, &c.

100 BBLS. SUPERFINE and SCRATCHED FLOUR,
50 Do. Philadelphia RYE ditto,
50 Do. CORN MEAL,
Barrels and half barrels Pilot Bread & Crackers,
Indian Corn, Oats, American and Nova-Scotia Apples, Nova-Scotia Cider—good quality.
Onions, Hickory Nuts, Wool Cards,
Cotton Yarn, Hair Seives, Pearl Ash,
Dry Codfish and Pollock, 500 bushels Salt,
2 Puns. old high proof Jamaica Spirits,

—IN BOND—

20 Barrels Superfine Flour, 20 do. Corn Meal,

For sale by

G. CHADWICK.

3d January, 1829.

Rum, Sugar, Coffee, &c.

The subscribers have lately received the following articles which they will sell low for approved payment.—

44 HHDS. and quarter casks fine old Demerary Rum, 10 Barrels Sugar,
8 Barrels Coffee, 40 Barrels Pork,
25 Boxes Chocolate, of an improved manufactur
50 Boxes Mould Candles.

Crookshank & Walker.

22d *November*, 1828

A CARD.

EAGLES & CO. TAILORS, respectfully beg leave to inform the Gentlemen of St. John, that they have commenced business in the Northeast corner of the Market-square, (on the flat immediately above Mr. Yates, Saddler)—where they only solicit a trial in the above line, to insure custom. As they intend giving their Journeymen the highest wages paid in the City, they will employ none but the best Workmen;—those Gentlemen, honouring them with their Work, may rest assured that it will be finished in a tasteful and superior style.

☞ *Gentlemens' Fancy Braces and Stays, made.* St. John, May 3d, 1828.

JUST RECEIVED,

A FEW Hhds. London Porter, Boxes Soap and Candles; *In Store:*
PUNS. Jamaica Rum, superior flavor,
Barrels and Tierces do. Sugar:
Do. Fine Green Coffee;
Do. Quebec Prime and Cargo Pork;
Do. do. do. & do. Beef.

Also.—25 Chaldrons Best Liverpool Coals;

All which will be sold at lowest rates in the Market. KERR & RATCHFORD.

January 24, 1829.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

The Subscriber has received part of his Spring Supply of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. &c. &c.

TOGETHER WITH A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

GENUINE GARDEN SEEDS.

IN BOXES;

Which are offered for sale at his Drug and Medicine Store, Market-square.

May 31. S. G. HAMILTON.

REMOVAL.

THE CITY BOOT and SHOE STORE, is removed to the Store adjoining that of N. Disbrow, Esq. Market-square.

3d May, 1828. S. WATTS.

BRASS FOUNDRY,

Copper and Lead Manufactory.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has now recommenced business on his premises in Charlotte-street, where he will cast Composition Rudder Braces, Dove-Tails, Spikes, Nails, &c.; Hawse, scupper and deep sea Leads, Mill and Machine Brasses, &c. &c. He would also respectfully beg leave to return his unfeigned acknowledgments to all those who have formerly supported and employed him in the line of his business, and to assure them that the best materials that can be had necessary to constitute good work, combined with the most strict attention to business, shall occupy his entire study—and by which he is confident of frustrating the malicious designs of opponents who strive to the utmost of their power to depreciate the work of others as a means of establishing themselves.—He would further intimate, that he has had no occasion to make any reduction in the prices of his work on account of imperfections, as some have done.

☞ *The highest prices given for old Brass Copper, Pewter and Lead.*

MARMADUKE KNOWLES.

St. John, N. B. 24th May, 1828.